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Falling From Trees

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Chapter 1 by celloandjello

Nothing to do today. I stared out the window. Then I saw it: a strange shiny object falling from the pine in my yard.

Finally. Something interesting.

I ran out the door to the shiny object. I looked closer. A ring. Why would a ring fall from a tree? I picked it up and examined it. It was a solid band. It seemed to give off a dull glow. It was also heavier than I expected. Oh my gosh, can it be real gold?

I cannot still my curious personality; I just had to know why it would fall from the tree. It was probably not the most important question right then but hey, not even I know why I think the things I do.

What better way is there to find out why it would fall from the tree than climbing up the tree? I pocketed the ring and started climbing. I moved smoothly up the tree. Climbing trees isn't a stranger to me.

Chapter 2 by AmelieMehnert

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I hatched myself to the tree. I was a good climber. I could hold on with one hand and hold to foot hold. I took a moment to look around. I was in a clearing. The sun was high in the sky, sending beams of light scattering out in all directions.

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Only one more to go.

Climbing up the small tree wasn't a difficult task, but figuring out where the ring hand dropped from **was**. As I sat there lounging out on a particularly thick branch, I darted my hand inside of it to touch the ring. I looked back up, but something was different. What used to be the top of the tree- which was in within arm's length- was now extended high above my head. Thoroughly puzzled, I reached underneath me to touch the branch again. It was at least twice as thick.

The perching branch had also grown cold. The sunlight that had beamed through the needles with a warm and inviting glow now was pale and cold, and the branches above me were slick with water. But the wood didn't *feel*/like wood. It felt hard like metal, but still *appeared* to be wood.

Some sense- whether good or bad- propelled me forward. I climbed and climbed... The temperature got colder, the "wood" got harder and more frosted over, and yet the top wasn't coming any closer. Suddenly, just as my limbs were about to give out in exhaustion, my head hit something, hard. The sound of feet and voices shouting was muffled. I felt above me, and there was a hard flat surface. But when I looked up, the top of the tree was still so far away. I pushed harder, feeling a section give way. Slowly a dim light shown through a crack and I peeped through.

I saw hundreds of feet walking by.

Chapter 3 by celloandjello



I peered through the crack. It would be hard for anyone to tell what's going on when people are constantly stepping on the crack and in your face. I figured I wasn't going to get anywhere while peering through a crack with people stepping on it. So I started peeling at the crack, making it bigger. Eventually, I made a whole big enough for me to squeeze through. I hoisted myself onto the branch closest to whatever wall it is, and pushed myself through the opening.

I stood up and looked around. People were walking everywhere. Strange thing was, they didn't

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Okay, I'm a person who thinks things through, even though I admit, my conclusions aren't always logical. But I do think things through.

I desperately wanted to explore this place. But what about where I had come from? I glanced back at the hole.

Nah. There was nothing to do there anyway.

Whatever exhaustion I felt while climbing the tree vanished. I started walking randomly. There wasn't a road of any type. Buildings had strange round roofs and were randomly scattered everywhere. The place was rather devoid of color. Everything was mostly white. The ground, the buildings, the sky.

I went up to a man.

"Hello!" I waved my hand in front of him. He didn't respond.

"Hello!" I shook him as hard as I can. He didn't stop or even twitch. Just kept walking. I gave up and tried another person. Same. Another. Another. Same. Same.

Man, what a bunch of dimwits. But you never know, maybe their brains were messed up somehow.

I decided to go into one of those weird buildings.

A man sat at a counter. I went up to him.

"HELLO THERE!!!"

The man startled.

"Whoa there, no need to shout. I can hear ya all right."

I celebrated my victory of finally getting someone to respond. That's when I noticed that this guy's eyes are glowing red.

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The man asked, "How may I help you?"

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"What's this place?"

"A bar."

"I mean, what is this general area supposed to be? Like what city. Like what country."

He was surprised. Then his vacant eyes became suspicious. "Are you from here?"

"Nope."

A strange expression came across his face. He looked scared but elated at the same time. I noticed him stick his hand under the counter. "Is that so? What can I do for you then? Would you like a glass of something? Or order some food?"

I considered this for a moment. I was hungry. But I also didn't completely trust him.

Just that moment, the door to the bar was broken down. Strange soldiers clad in completely white suits with no pattern came in and surrounded me.

Write a draft for chapter 4 of 8

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